

The morning sun is rising, casting a prairie sunrise over the Bay Area. Morning pinks slide against the cityscape of San Francisco. A Lakota traditional song is the first soundtrack while the camera pans onto the morning beauty of San Francisco and interspersed with ~~the same~~ simultaneous shots of the same morning in South Dakota. The shots of South Dakota mornings are ~~the~~ from ~~the~~ memory images as she awakens to her day in the City.

Two women ~~wake~~ are waking up. They are mostly quiet as they move about, showering, brushing of teeth, The morning kiss, opening the door to pick up the newspaper. Bacon sizzles in the pan. Then a scene of fish sizzling in a pan. It is the morning she is remembering from her childhood. ~~Grandpa~~ Grandpa is making breakfast, frying fresh fish, percolating coffee. Grandma tells her to eat slower, more careful in Lakota, watch out for the fish bones. She nods affirmative but does not alter how quickly she is eating in her eagerness to run outside. Then the scene shows that she has got a big fish bone stuck in her mouth. Grandparents have moved into conversation thus allowing her some privacy as she is ~~ch~~ trying to make the fish bone go down. As the grandparents converse, she is able to quietly slip outside, ~~eat~~ with a piece slice of bread to eat to help the fish bone go down. Finally she has to put in her fingers down into her throat causing her to gag even more, eyes are tearing. Finally success she swallows the bone, goes back into the ~~gag~~ kitchen. Grandma looks over at

her after she has sat down at the table. They exchange looks. Grandma knows what has happened (Her cousin has been at the table all along. He had been teasing her ~~and~~ punching her slightly in the arm, getting up to squeeze her with his arm around her neck.)

Back to present time. The radio is turned on and an oldie comes on. Quick shot of her and ~~two~~ male cousin older with two other male cousins.

Her friend asks her what are you doing today, first day of your sabbatical? Then talks on without waiting for an answer about how much she is looking forward to tomorrow, the first day of her vacation. She comments on how distracted she is, 'you haven't heard anything I have said.'

Then she is off to work leaving ~~Behind~~ I at home.

spectacular

The afternoon brings dark blue/gray clouds. The clouds are having an electrical storm. A storm without noise. Each ~~fast~~ lightning spread is spread across all of the clouds. The sequence of the lightning is quick across the clouds. This quiet explosion can be foreboding ~~with the~~ within those few seconds of lightning bursts, ~~at~~ the heart of the Lakota people is exposed, in its brightness, ~~in~~ in its quietness, in its ~~speculator~~ ~~show~~ show. Strong, powerful. It needs no noise to show power.

This is the backdrop against the afternoon as the powwow is happening. The emcee is announcing an honor song to honor the family of soldiers, mom, dad and three sons. The ~~oldest~~ drummers walk in front of the family, singing. The oldest woman of the family is next. She carries a hatchet, raising it at the appropriate times during the song. The family of soldiers follows. All the other relatives are behind. The people come forward to shake their hands. The focus is especially upon Austin who has just returned from his tour in Vietnam. Earlier in the day, he had an argument with his two brothers and female cousin about showing up for the honor song. Austin does not want to go. These scenes imply that all is not well with Austin. He'd rather go to a bar to drink. Then it's later in the evening that Austin does go to a bar in a mostly

white town. He doesn't care which bar he enters, only that it is a bar. Only a few Indian people are in the bar. They acknowledge him, shake his hand. He sits with them through several beers. Then they have to leave to go back to the powwow grounds.

He is left alone with a white chizonte. Now Now Austin is sitting at the bar, having moved from the table.

Some white men offer to buy him a drink. He says sure why ~~not~~ not. The three white men exchange glances.

It is past midnight. The rain has finally started. They tell him of a party. Ask him if he wants to go.

Yes, he says. The white men are ~~then~~ beginning to become sarcastic. They see that Adrian is wearing a soldier's pants and shirt.

Once he is in the car. They ~~begin~~ make jokes and small talk with an edge. Adrian is sitting in the back with the third white man. They have several six-packs in the car which they are drinking from.

Adrian asks how far is it to the party. He is becoming drunk by now. A huge change from earlier in the day when he was almost Sombre. At the powwow, he is respectful.

Reno has returned from Vietnam, cousin is now in Albuquerque

1st White Guy: Hey Chief, ~~What~~ can we buy the war hero a drink. I couldn't help overhearing you and your pals.

Austin: Okay yeah sure why not

2nd White Guy: My cousin was over there. Man, he talked about the prostitutes in Saigon.

1st White Guy: So chief what are you drinking?

Austin: Bear Tho name's Austin.

1st White Guy: Okay Austin, war hero. You have 4 bears and two six packs to go.

~~2nd White Guy~~

2nd White Guy: ~~AAAAA~~

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026 with funding from
CLIR DHC Grant 2026-2028

<https://archive.org/details/GLC63-0047>

FLASH BACK 900 YEARS

Cloudy winter morning - spring rain & thunder

The sound of laughter in a room that I never
remembered the first time I heard it. I was
down in the room with

them. They were the people who lived

the whole town under the ground. I was

in the room by the door. I was looking at

the door. I was looking at the door.

The door was open. I was looking at the

door. I was looking at the door.

The door was open. I was looking at the

door. I was looking at the door.

The door was open. I was looking at the

door. I was looking at the door.

The door was open. I was looking at the

door. I was looking at the door.

The door was open. I was looking at the

door. I was looking at the door.

The door was open. I was looking at the

door. I was looking at the door.

The door was open. I was looking at the

door. I was looking at the door.

The door was open. I was looking at the

door. I was looking at the door.

The door was open. I was looking at the

door. I was looking at the door.

The door was open. I was looking at the

door. I was looking at the door.

The door was open. I was looking at the

door. I was looking at the door.

The door was open. I was looking at the

door. I was looking at the door.

FLASH BACK ~~SET~~ SCENE

① early summer evening, getting close to ~~Sund~~ sunset

the sounds of laughter on a warm ~~sun~~ summer evening as the two cousins are biker riding, fast, down a huge hill

then they stop to watch the sunset

the male cousin asks the female cousin what ^{she is} thinking as they stand by their bikes watching the sun drop (background music is Groovin)

She says: San Francisco, I want to be there so bad. Can you imagine this very instant while we are alive, the hippies in Haight Ashbury are alive too and they don't know I'm thinking about them

male: You'll get there someday.
Hippie Indian Chick
My Tie-dye cousin.

female I'm serious about this. The world feels at peace at this very moment. I know I ~~to~~ will always remember this moment:
~~There's something~~ ~~about~~ me

male: But why would you want to leave if you're happy here?

weaving
the ^{chance} ^{the} enemy

Another summer has arrived bringing with it the dragon flies that strangely mimic the sound of rattlesnakes. The dragon fly can easily strike fear as it lazily whirls nearby in the summer afternoon. Rattler or Dragon Fly, every summers important question.

The cousins have arrived for another stay with the grandparents. Each looking forward to these visits. For the grandparents, the youthful energy of the cousins releases an unconditional acceptance of freedom. For the cousins, the grandparents' unconditional giving of freedom, releases a harmony that ~~is~~ ^{is equal to the} dancing of prairie chickens in early morning light. grandparents + cousins

The harmony and freedom allows ~~them~~ to dream even against the harsh hatred from the white people who live off-reservation.

~~Life on reservation is slower, quieter~~

scenes are of cousins arriving, just rushing in house to say hi, rushing out to get their bikes and off they go.

Clearly they are in the last summer of childhood, preteens. The adults watch them. One says next summer may be different.

~~See~~ scenes grandparents and cousins swimming in the creek

• helping in the garden

• going on fishing trip / picnic

• pow wows

The scene that is flushed out next is that a major thunderstorm has come up in the middle of the night. Even though the grandparents house has a basement, They always go to the cellar for protection.

ACID FREE - LIGNIN FREE
pH 8.0 - 10.0 PUFER
Hollinger Metal Edge, Inc.
800-862-2228
2015

